PROPERTY OF
PRINCETON
THEOLOGICAL
SEMINARY

SCC
9362
v. 1-2

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2015

https://archive.org/details/womansworkforwom24woma

Woman's Work for Woman.

Vol. II. SEPTEMBER, 1872. No. 4.

Beyond the Seas.

INDIA.—Lahore.

Letter from Mrs. C. B. Newton *to the Auxiliary Society of the Brown Memorial Church, Baltimore, Md.*

Doubtless you are all familiar with the name and situation of Lahore, and know that it is the capital of the Punjaub, or country of the five rivers, which the name signifies. Lahore is between the Bias and Ravee Rivers, flowing into the Sutlej. The Punjaub was taken from the Sikhs by the English, in 1848. The country was in a complete state of misrule at the time, being cut up into petty divisions by the quarrelsome and incompetent sons of the powerful Runjeet Singh, who were unable to hold the territory their father had acquired.

Lahore is an interesting old city. It is about two and a half miles in circumference, and surrounded by a substantial wall.

THE FORT.

On the north is a fort, within which stands the old palace, still bearing traces of its former beauty, now occupied by some princes from Cabul, who are state prisoners. Outside the fort is the tomb of Runjeet Singh, an immense structure of brickwork, covered with white plaster. It presents a very grand appearance from a distance, which it loses as you approach it. Close by is a garden containing a *barra duree*, or summer-house of white marble, elegantly carved, and inlaid with lines of black marble; both the carving and mosaic are exquisitely fine workmanship.

OLD MOSQUES.

There are also many old mosques in the city, of which the three principal ones are the *Bádsháhi*, or King's; the *Wizier Khán*, of stucco, covered with enamel, in bright colors. This has been exposed to the winds and rains of two and a half centuries, and is still in a perfect state of preservation. The third mosque is the *Lunári* or Golden Musjid, the domes of which are overlaid with pure gold.

The streets of the city are very narrow, the widest scarcely admitting a single carriage, and many too strait for a dholi —not more than three feet wide. The houses are built of small bricks, and are two, three, and four stories high.

THE GARDEN AROUND THE CITY.

Three sides of the city are surrounded by a garden, where bananas, oranges, limes, plums, peaches, and pomegranates grow in abundance. Besides the fruit trees, there is a fair proportion of shade trees and flowering shrubs.

As the mission premises are at some distance from the city, in going there we usually drive to one of the gates, where, by previous arrangement, a dholi and two coolies are awaiting us to carry us about the city. Many of the houses bear traces

of former grandeur. Now and then one sees a piece of carving over the doorway, done in the time of Akhbár, but the inside walls of the finest are covered with paintings, that do little credit to their artists, either in conception or execution. Most of the houses to which we go are very plain. The earthen floors are covered with reed-mats sometimes, though frequently bare, and a *charpoy* (native bedstead), one or two chairs, and cooking utensils, complete the list of furniture. I have given this meagre description, thinking it may add somewhat to the interest of future letters to know the place in which we labor.

ESTABLISHING SCHOOLS.

Two weeks ago I established a girls' school, with money sent me through Rev. Dr. E. D. G. Prime. This requires about ten rupees, or five dollars. The amount sent will pay the teacher's salary for a month and a half. I would like to establish many more of these schools, for, even though there should be more than we of the Mission can visit, I trust we shall be able to impress some of our friends into the work. The teacher of the school above-mentioned is a Mohammedan woman. The work is not sufficiently advanced to admit of the employment of Christian teachers, except for the lowest castes. Parents would not allow their children to be taught regularly by a Christian; we may employ such, however, to spend two or three hours a week giving Bible lessons.

There are several poor native Christian women about us who have received a little instruction, and some of whom, we trust, may become useful as teachers; but we dare not promise very much, we must await developments. There have been sad disappointments in scholars and others supported by friends at home, so we shall want to see these women proved before offering them to churches or Sabbath-schools. We are now out on an itineration, and have a woman with us who seems rather promising. Though not brought out for the express purpose of assisting in teaching, she seems to enjoy it, and to have some aptitude for the work.

I hope next time to write you more particularly of our work and its wants.

CHINA—Canton.

Letter from Miss Hattie Noyes *to the Auxiliary Society of the First Church, Philadelphia.*

THE NEW SCHOOL BUILDING.

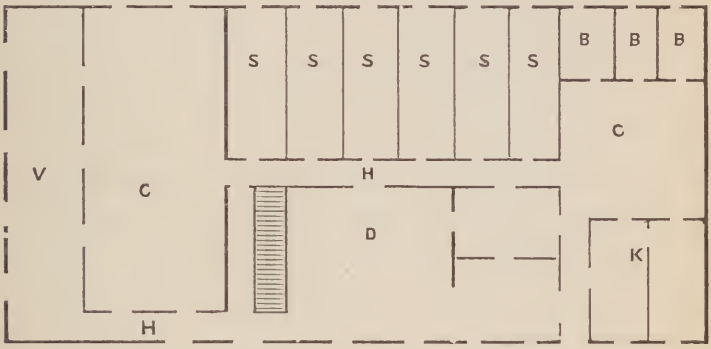
Since I last wrote you, the school building which the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society is erecting has been rapidly progressing, and next week will probably see it completed. The watching of the progress of the work during these past weeks has been a constant source of joy, and I have often wished that it were possible for you to share with us the daily pleasure of "seeing it grow." Perhaps it is not quite right, but I cannot help rejoicing in the work a little more, because it is the work of our sisters at home, and it is so encouraging to think of the interest you have taken in it from its very commencement, and to believe that you will feel a special interest in the success of the schools in the future. I noticed in the last number of *Woman's Work*, the donation of the Auxiliary Society of the Chestnut Hill Church "for the school in Canton," but beyond that do not know who are the supporters of the school. But I feel that I would like to assure them all, that although unknown, we are daily reminded of them, and often wish that they might know how much we rejoice that God has put it into their hearts to undertake this work. We love to think that you remember us in your prayers, and to pray for you that upon you all may rest the blessing of Him "who is not unrighteous to forget your work and labor of love."

I wish that we might have known just when the schools would open, so as to have sent you word, but we cannot yet tell exactly when all will be ready. I hope that before you receive this the schools will be commenced. I am sure you will unite with us in asking for God's blessing to rest upon

them from the day that they are opened, that they may be made the means of doing much for the welfare of China's daughters.

It will help us greatly to feel that you are praying for us, that we may be given wisdom from above to direct us in all our work, and for the women and girls who may come here to receive instruction, that they may *all* become wise unto salvation. It is not too much to ask of God, with whom "all things are possible," that *all*, who in the years to come, may be gathered into these schools may here obtain a *saving* knowledge of the way of life, and be gathered into the fold of the Good Shepherd.

I will inclose a diminutive copy of the plan of the school building, which, perhaps, all interested in the work may like to see.



V. Veranda, 28 x 8 ft.; C. Chapel, 24 x 18 ft.; D. Dining-room; K. Kitchen; H. Halls, 4 ft. wide; S. Sleeping-rooms, 12 x 6 ft.; B. Bath-rooms; C (at the right). Open court.

We wished very much to obtain a little more land, but found it impossible. There is, however, a yard a few feet square in front, which is much better than nothing. We feared that the sleeping rooms would be rather small, as each is intended for two persons, but now that they are completed they seem a very nice comfortable size, and as the partitions do not reach quite to the ceiling will be well ventilated.

The lower story has a floor of red tiles, which rather spoils the harmony of colors, but for several reasons is much better than a wooden floor would be. The floor of the second story is painted in imitation of marble (slate), and all the woodwork grained in imitation of oak. In both, the Chinese painters succeed very well. The outside of the building is colored a very light slate, with green blinds; some of the inside walls are to be a lighter shade of the same (slate), and the chapel is to be light gray, lined off with black in imitation of stone. Perhaps you will not care about so many details, but I have often been asked to write particulars, and I know that descriptions which appear to us very definite, seem far from it on the other side of the world.

THE SCHOLARS.

We have as yet few scholars engaged for the school, and may, perhaps, not be able at once to get the full number. There would be no trouble in getting almost any number if we would receive them indiscriminately, but the plan we wish to adopt is to receive none under twelve years or about that age, and only those who have already studied two or three years, and then by keeping them three years longer, will be able to have them under our care for five or six years. As we have so many day-schools, there will probably eventually be no trouble in obtaining from them as many scholars as we can receive; but at first we may, perhaps, make some exceptions to our rules.

OUR VILLAGE SCHOOL IN JEDAIDE, SYRIA.

Mrs. Eddy, of Sidon, writes concerning the teacher of our village school at Jedaide, as follows: (This school is supported by the North Presbyterian Church, Philadelphia.)

THE TEACHER.

Tukla Nukly is the daughter of a widow in Deir-me-Mass; she was taught at the common school there and learned to

read, exhibiting unusual perseverance and love for study. She has always manifested an uncommon interest in religious truth, and has shown determination which I have not seen manifested in any other girl under like circumstances.

She has had many difficulties to overcome, being opposed by her mother and obliged to work, and being herself slow to learn.

She loves the Bible. I have known her to walk an hour, milk the goats, return home early, that she might be in season to listen to Bible reading and instruction from the missionary's wife, and this, day after day, in the hot season. She has been four years in Sidon school, and is now the teacher of the first school for girls ever opened in the village of Jedaide—a village where only two or three out of perhaps three or four hundred women know how to read.

She is a conscientious, humble follower of Jesus; serves her Master cheerfully, and with fidelity. She always shows great gratitude for the instruction she has received, and often wonders why she was made to hear the Saviour's voice while so many others are left. She delights to show her love by doing what she can for the teachers. When the missionary visits the place where she is, she is always anxious to do something for him. If milk is difficult to obtain she will take care to secure a little milk, and is ever ready to offer her services in any way. She always expresses a desire to make some return for the blessings she has received through him. The accompanying letter has just been received from her.

To my Lady, the loved Mrs. Eddy, may God preserve her:

After kissing your honored hands and asking for your continued favor, I would state that the reason of my writing this letter, is the inquiry about the perfection of your happiness, and the riches of your peace. May you by the favor of God, the Exalted, continue in the possession of health and comfort. Now if you condescend to feel an interest in your pupil, to the praise of God, in consequence of the favorable

result of your prayers, I am in health such as I hope may ever be yours.

Further, I am indebted to you, loved lady, and I present my thanks for the book you sent me. I never forget your past kindness, and I ask the Lord Jesus to reward you, and I thank him who filled your heart with loving pity, so that you left your country and journeyed by land and by sea and came to this land. Thanks be to God who has visited us from on high, and enlightened us by his knowledge, us who were in darkness. I meditate on this mercy of God, and thank him for sending you. I had no one to unfold my mind but God and you. I hope that you will remember me in your prayers. May Christ be with you. This is what I have to write. I send abundant salaams to all the family, and may your lives be prolonged.

Your petitioner,

TUKLA NUKLY.

P. S.—I must tell you about the scholars in the school, that they are sometimes forty; when they are fewest they are thirty, and they all send salaams.

MISS FISKE'S FAREWELL TO PERSIA.

While we look with so much interest for tidings from our school at Oroomiah, and while the dear ones laboring there claim so large a share of our hearts and our petitions, the following words from the pen of the sainted founder of the school come to us as a voice from the other world:

July 15th, 1858, was the day fixed for leaving Oroomiah, after having labored there for more than fifteen years. There were several others to leave on the same day, and the hour of separation from loved associates, and those for whom we had so long labored in hope and fear, was naturally looked forward to with feelings I may not describe. A large number of females were with us over the night of the 14th, and the

sun had scarcely risen the next morning before others were finding their way to our apartments. At 10 o'clock, as many as seventy were with us, and their request was that we might have

ONE MORE PRAYER MEETING

in the room where we had so often prayed together.

The request was granted, while my heart went up in gratitude and thanksgiving that I had so many dear sisters in Christ to bring me on my way by prayer. My own feelings would not allow me to lead their petitions, and oh! it was good at that hour to be carried to the Throne of Grace, and often in the same language as that in which our Saviour commended his sorrowing disciples to his Father's tender care. We had six prayers, I think. All were tender and comforting, but there was one prayer offered by one of our pupils, about seventeen years of age, that was almost entirely in the language of Scripture, and which did greatly comfort me. I did not know before that a returning missionary could claim so many precious promises.

She first prayed for *themselves*, asking that when Elijah should go up, they might all see the horsemen and chariot, and all catch the falling mantle, but not sit down to weep or send into the mountains to search for their master, but arise and taking the mantle, smite Jordan, and passing over go to work. She then reminded the Saviour of his promise not to leave them comfortless, and entreated him to come and abide with them. When her thoughts turned to the departing company, having in mind the heat of the day, and our prospective night travels, she asked that the sun might not smite us by day or the moon by night. The narrow precipitous roads before her, she prayed the Lord to give his angels charge concerning us, to bear us up, that we might not dash a foot against a stone. Remembering the streams, she asked that when we passed through the rivers the waters might not overflow us, and that the Lord would spread a table for us through all the long wilderness. We were to sleep in tents during all our land journey, and this borne in mind, she

entreated that the angel of the Lord might ever encamp round about our moving tabernacle.

Knowing that our land journey ended, we were to go a short distance on a steamship, she prayed that when we should go on the "fire ship," the flames might not kindle upon us, and that when we should go on the "winged ship" (sailing vessel) where the waves would go up to heaven and down to hell, that we might be kept in the hollow of our Father's hand, and brought to the desired haven.

She then asked that if it could be the will of the Lord, all her teacher's friends might be spared till she should reach them, and especially that her aged mother might live to see her, and that when she folded her daughter in her arms she might say like old Simeon, "Now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace."

The closing petition was, "May our teacher's dust never mingle with a father's dust, or with a mother's dust, but may she come back to mingle her dust with her children's dust, to hear the trumpet with them, and go up with them to meet the Lord to be forever with him."

All safely *home* the prayer ended. My tears flowed fast, but I did thank the Lord that I had dear "children" thus to pray for me, and dear Christian friends in America may thank the Lord that their prayers for my dear girls have been answered; that the gold and silver they have given him is thus being changed into *eternal gold.*

FIDELIA FISKE.

"AND being in Bethany, in the house of Simon the leper, as he sat at meat, there came a woman having an alabaster box of ointment of spikenard, very precious; and she brake the box, and poured it on his head. And there were some that had indignation within themselves, and said, Why was this waste of the ointment made? . . . And Jesus said, Let her alone; why trouble ye her? . . . *She hath done what she could.*"

At Home.

LOOK BEYOND.

From the beginning of its effort to enlist the women of the Presbyterian Church in the work of Missions to their own sex in heathen lands, the *Woman's Foreign Missionary Society* has urged the various societies, &c., formed in connection with it, to take up special objects to which to appropriate the funds collected by them. The advantages of this plan in the increase of definite interest in and knowledge of the missionary and her work, and in the stimulus thus created at both ends of the connecting line, are too obvious to need enforcing. The almost universal readiness with which the plan has been adopted shows too that these advantages are appreciated by those entering upon the work.

But there is a danger connected with this, seen by those whose hearts are set upon the success of this cause more for the sake of the Master than for that of any society, and against which they would earnestly and faithfully warn their fellow-laborers. It is this: that in looking at the special object set before them, and working to raise a certain sum of money needed to accomplish that object, the individuals forming the society or band come to regard that as the beginning and end of their labors. They say in effect: "We want to take our part in this work, we form a society, adopt a constitution and a system of collections, appoint our collectors, select an object within our power to accomplish, report ourselves to the parent society, and now we are all right and have no more to do but see that our money is duly collected and forwarded, and our meetings attended regularly by a creditable number." Alas, we fear that if this be the true, complete idea of their work among the members of any

society, they will not find their efforts blessed or their own hearts strengthened and lifted up as they might be. All this is so *very* small a part of the real, soul-stirring work committed to our hands by God at this time. It is a step, indeed, and necessary to be taken; but it is only one step, and there is so much beyond and above it that we dread to see any organization resting contentedly here, and seeming to lose sight of what constitutes the soul of the cause—absorbed in what is after all only the body holding the soul, but dead without it.

We are banded together, because we are touched by the condition of women like ourselves, and their little children, in lands where the Gospel light does not shine upon them, but where they dwell in deep darkness of soul and life. We long to send to them the great blessing of the knowledge of Christ and His love, knowing how many other blessings will follow in its train. And this desire should be strong and abiding in the hearts of all who undertake this work. Whenever, then, this motive is wanting, and only the vague idea exists of aiding the Board, or sending a certain sum of money to the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society annually, or having a society because such and such another church has one, or starting a band, because the pastor is not satisfied unless his church is represented in this cause,—the mainspring of the whole machinery is absent; the body is there without the soul and cannot live or give life.

If, on the contrary, a society is founded on the earnest, loving purpose of even a few hearts to do what they can to tell their perishing sisters of Christ, and this desire leads them to draw others around them, and to inspire them with the same spirit—*there* will be prayer and love for those poor heathen women, and zeal in this service for the Lord. The collecting of money, the holding of meetings, &c., will be carried on indeed with might and in the most effectual manner, but only as means to a glorious end, not as the end itself.

Let the prayers and the yearning love for our heathen

sisters, and the deep personal sympathy with those whom we send forth to teach them, be the evidence that while we attend faithfully to all the details of our work, we yet look far beyond all this into the eternity towards which we and those for whom we labor are hastening—far above it all to the Saviour who died for them and for us—through it all to the harvest of souls which we hope to gather for the Master from those distant, whitening fields into the Heavenly Home.

WOODSTOCK.

We give this title, which from its novelty will arrest your attention, that we may take you, dear readers, at once into the very heart of a subject which is to-day one of supreme interest to the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society. And what and where, you ask, is Woodstock? Let us ask you a question in return. If some good plan could be devised, by which our missionaries in India could be spared the hard trial of bringing their children home to America for education, with all the agony of that terrible separation added to their toilsome service for the Master, would you not eagerly hail the movement, rejoicing in it as the dawn of a brighter day for missionaries in India? Well, that name of Woodstock, means just such a plan. Away up among the Himalayas—we wish we could remember to tell you how many thousand feet above the level of the sea—is the English hill-station, as it is called, of Landour. The viceroy resides here during a portion of the year, to gain health and strength after the debilitating influence of life in Calcutta, and of course the various departments of the government remain there with him. In fact, the officers of the Britsh government could not for any length of time endure the depressing heat of Calcutta, but for the bracing influence of their occasional residence at Landour. We speak of this to give you an idea of the invigorating influence of the climate. Dilke, in his "Greater Britain," says: Landour "gives vigor to the government, and a hearty English tone to the state papers

issued during the hot months." Such a climate would be all we should desire to give health and strength to our American children. The London Missionary Society owned until recently, at Landour, a fine large building, well furnished throughout, and with a number of acres of ground surrounding it, in which it had commenced a school for European children. This place was called Woodstock. For various reasons, not necessary to be enumerated, this property, said to be worth 50,000 rupees, or $25,000, was offered for sale. If it should be sold for educational purposes, the British government would continue a grant to it, which would reduce the price required for its purchase to $10,000. Our missionaries in India seized upon it as the very opportunity they had desired for establishing a sanitarium and school for their children. Rev. Mr. Woodside, of Dehra, wrote earnestly in behalf of the missionaries, asking that the women of the Presbyterian Church would purchase this property. Dear sisters, and especially you who are mothers, and know how to feel the force of this appeal—we said in your behalf to the Board, that if they authorized it, we would furnish the $10,000 to buy Woodstock. The Board accepted our proposal, and telegraphed to India (for the business required haste in order to secure the property), "Buy Woodstock!" It has been purchased; and now to redeem our pledge. First, we must within the next three months secure this $10,000, as a part of the $50,000 for which we have pledged ourselves to the General Assembly. Next, one of our missionaries now in India—one of the widows with children—must be sent to Woodstock to preside as matron of the institution, as soon as the way is clear to open it. Thirdly, we must send out a competent teacher to take charge of the educational department. In course of time, it is hoped this school may be, to some considerable extent, self-sustaining, perhaps entirely so, through the resident European day scholars. But now, first of all, *how* rapidly to secure the needed $10,000. We have already received the first instalment from our auxiliary in Plainfield, N. J., the society of which Mrs. Kellogg is to

be the missionary. They have sent us about $180. Our second gift of $5 for the cause comes from "a minister's widow," one who has a beloved daughter in India. Here is a work to which we hope many of our auxiliaries will devote themselves. It is a work only for this year, but it needs promptness and energy—yes, dear friends, and it needs faith and prayer. "All things are possible," but it is "*to him that believeth.*"

Now, when an opportunity is offered to do so much at one stroke to settle that vexed question, *the permanence of missionary effort*, oh, let us not linger, but arousing ourselves to the task, let us work vigorously at once. To our new auxiliaries, who have not yet selected their field of work, we especially appeal, asking them to take this as their object for the present year. And to all we say, work earnestly, pray fervently, and the result is *sure*.

THE ODANAH MISSION.

Through an oversight, our July issue failed to contain an account of the interesting farewell services held in June in the Spring Garden Church, Philadelphia, on the occasion of the departure of Miss Tarbell as a missionary to the Chippewa Indians at Odanah. This young lady has gone to aid Miss Phillips, who preceded her to that station a few months since. Our accounts of the work of these ladies are full of interest. Miss Phillips reached the mission about the middle of December, and took the general care of the mission family. Her previous experience in the service of the Christian Commission, her medical knowledge, and talent for nursing, added to her devotedness of spirit, made her exceedingly useful in her new sphere of action. The Annual Report of the Board of Foreign Missions speaks of her services in terms of warm commendation. During the early months of her residence at Odanah, owing to the absence of a superintendent, the general oversight of the interests of the mission, even as to its temporal concerns, devolved upon her, until the

arrival of Mr. Williamson. Very faithfully did she discharge these duties. In response to an application from Miss Phillips, we are happy to say that a fine new

MELODEON

has been purchased and sent to the Mission School at Odanah, the Penn Square and Princeton Churches of Philadelphia supplying a sum which, added to the contribution of Mr. Gould, the manufacturer, was sufficient to defray the cost of the instrument and expense of transportation.

WANTED!

A cabinet organ for our new school at Canton, China. Our good missionary, Miss Hattie Noyes, writes to us that the acquisition of such an instrument is a very desirable thing for the school, and we know from experience in our mission schools in America that her request ought to be granted. Here is a work for some of our young helpers. A parlor fair would furnish, if properly conducted, more than the means to purchase a good and durable instrument. Will not Miss Noyes's friends of the First Church in Philadelphia inaugurate the movement? This Canton School is so entirely our own, that we should be careful to furnish it with all the appliances to make it a model mission school, to which we can hereafter refer, for what we hope by God's help to be enabled to do, in establishing schools all over the heathen world. We hope the organ for Canton will be sending forth sweet strains in Miss Noyes's school-room by the first of the year. But who will commence the movement?

CLOTHING.

We want clothing also, but not for distant China. If any auxiliary will send us a box of substantial warm clothing for winter use, we can tell them of a place where it will be most acceptable. The missionaries among our American Indians all write of the poverty with which the children are

clothed. One tells us of "two nearly naked children coming to school last winter wrapped in the same tattered gray blanket." Stories like this abound. Miss Phillips's first letter from Odanah last winter drew such a picture of the filth and rags of the shivering little Indians by whom she found herself surrounded, that it awoke an immediate response. A box of clothing was sent her for these poor half-clothed boys and girls. We can dispose of a good deal of such clothing, if it is sent to us, for it is needed at most of the Indian stations. The hungry and the naked receive the Gospel we send them with far more readiness when we prepare the way by clothing and feeding them. Work of this kind should be commenced soon, in order that boxes may reach these frontier regions before the coming of winter, with its snows, makes the roads almost, if not quite, impassable.

ANOTHER WANT.

Our "little workers" are invited, in another part of this magazine, to send small articles, such as picture cards, cheap dressed dolls, pin and needle cushions, and the like, to our missionaries in India and China, who wish to use them as rewards among the smaller scholars in the schools. Miss Craig, of Dehra, writes: "We would be very glad if you would send us worsted, canvas, and patterns, for though they can be obtained here in the English shops, they are very expensive, particularly the patterns. As to ready-made articles of fancy work; if they are really good, and not marked at high prices, we can dispose of them to English ladies here, on the hills where they spend the summer." This letter was in reply to one asking as to the propriety of sending the articles specified in her letter, an auxiliary desiring information. If any one will send us such articles as we have mentioned, we will send them to India by the company of missionaries who expect to take their departure in October.

OUR CANTON SCHOOL.

In our foreign department will be found a general plan of the new building just completed. In the second story the space over the chapel is occupied by two rooms, one for the school and the other for the workroom, both rooms opening on a veranda above the one seen in the sketch. A hall runs from these rooms to the rear of the building, with dormitories opening on either side. Altogether, the building, if not exactly spacious, is at least convenient and comfortable. Now, we want the thirty scholarships to be taken by our mission bands as rapidly as possible. The amount needed is about thirty dollars a year in gold. Ten of them are pledged as yet. We hope to give the supporters of this school frequent information regarding their protégés. The school is both a boarding school for children and a training school for native women. The building is designed to accommodate ten women and twenty girls. It is proposed to build an addition to it at a cost of five hundred dollars, to provide rooms for a temporary home for poor women, who can thus be brought at least for a time under the influence of the Gospel. Our auxiliary in Bloomfield, N. J., has pledged itself to furnish this five hundred dollars.

Mrs. John W. Farnham, of Shanghai, China, is now in this country. Letters will reach her at 23 Centre Street, New York. This lady is the missionary of our auxiliary in Fort Wayne, Indiana.

FAREWELL MEETING.

Farewell services in connection with the departure of Miss Lydia Jones for the Corisco Mission, West Africa, were held in "Old Pine Street Church," Philadelphia, on Sabbath evening, July 7th. Miss Jones is a child of this church, and one of the managers of the "Reunion Missionary Society," which

provided her outfit and has assumed her support. To the influence of this society in its labors and prayers during the eighteen months of its existence she ascribes her increased interest in the cause of missions, which finally led to her giving herself to the work. The pastor, Dr. Allen, gave a brief account of the origin and progress of the society and its disappointment in regard to the first two missionaries of its choice (Miss Bella Nassau, who had been previously selected by another society, and Mrs. Reutlinger, who was compelled by failing health to leave the field). These disappointments led to earnest prayer that God would raise up a missionary from their own church—a prayer which has been soon and signally answered. A delightful circumstance of the meeting was the unexpected presence of Mrs. Reutlinger, who, with restored health, is again on her way from her home in Switzerland to her chosen work in Africa, and was providentially present; and the receipt of a message full of Christian love and sympathy from Miss Nassau, who is also temporarily in this country. Dr. R. H. Nassau gave a graphic answer to the question, "To *what* are you sending your missionary?" and extended to her a cordial welcome in behalf of his fellow-laborers in Africa.

Rev. Gerald F. Dale, under appointment to the Syrian Mission, spoke feelingly of the peace which is experienced when one decides in the light of conscience the question, "Shall I be a missionary?" Rev. B. B. Hotchkin followed with words of congratulation and encouragement, dictated by long personal friendship and esteem. Then the pastor, in behalf of the ladies of the Reunion Society, presented to their departing associate a beautiful casket, containing photographs of the church, pastor, elders, and ladies of the society; also from the mission band, "Workers for Jesus," the appropriate companion volumes, "Paradise Lost" and "Yesterday, To-day, and Forever." In conclusion he tenderly bade her "Good-bye" and "God-speed" in the name of her church, which is pledged to bear her and her sacred work up before God without ceasing in the arms of their faith. The appearance of the

large congregation, which lingered with full hearts and tearful eyes to speak their farewells, was testimony to the deep interest which is felt in this event.

On the Saturday following, Miss Jones and Mrs. Reutlinger, together with Miss Brink (commissioned by our Board to India), sailed on the steamer Batavia. As the company of friends upon the pier watched the little group of missionary women standing together upon the deck of the receding vessel, tearful, but calm and resolute, alone, yet *not* alone, weak and frail, yet strong in their weakness, one of the number turned away, saying, "Truly, moral heroism is not yet dead in the world."

OUR NEW MISSIONARIES TO PERSIA.

The Presbyterian Church in Rockville, Indiana, witnessed an interesting scene on the 17th of July, on the occasion of the marriage of two of the dear children of that church to two young men who had just been commissioned by the Board as missionaries to Persia. No special account of the ceremony or of the farewell meeting in the church has reached us, but we know the occasion was one tender and affecting in the extreme, for one of these young girls was the daughter of the pastor of the church, his eldest born, who, just in the flush of her lovely young womanhood, gave herself to the Master's service for far-distant Persia. She was married to the Rev. W. L. Whipple, her father, Rev. W. Y. Allen, performing the ceremony, which, at the same time, united her intimate friend, Miss Felicia H. Rice, to the Rev. J. M. Oldfather. Mr. Allen writes: "It has been, you may well suppose, a severe trial to give up our eldest born to go so far from home, but it is to the Lord, and he deserves our best treasures. Mary's 'alabaster box of precious ointment' was not 'wasted' when poured upon the head of the Master, and I have been praying for more than forty years that the Lord of the harvest would 'send forth laborers into his har-

vest.' And now when he calls my beloved daughter to go, I cannot go back on my words spoken to the Lord."

Would that more fathers and mothers had this spirit of consecration; then should the Lord's work not halt for the lack of earnest, loving hearts and hands to hasten its accomplishment. These dear young girls have gone abroad as missionaries of our Society. Mrs. Whipple is connected with our Princeton Church, Philadelphia, Auxiliary, and Mrs. Oldfather is the missionary of the Poughkeepsie Church, N. Y. They both sailed with their husbands on the 31st of July, and will reach their field of labor during the autumn. The special point to which they will be sent will be designated by the Persian Mission upon their arrival. May our loving Father give them a safe and happy voyage, guarding them when in danger, and keeping them in "the hollow of his hand." We ask for them much love and earnest prayer from all our fellow-workers!

A SACRED GIFT.

The note from Rev. Mr. Simonton, which we append, has just been received, and tells its own affecting tale.

Mrs. J. D. McCord, Treasurer.

Dear Madam: I inclose you my check for $3.75, from Mrs. Margaret R. Huling, deceased, of Williamsport, Pa., for the use of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society.

Mrs. H. was killed instantaneously by the cars on the 25th of July. Her daughter sends the above sum, belonging to her "benevolent fund," to your Society as the last contribution of a beloved "mother in Israel." She had nearly completed her eightieth year.

Yours, truly,

W. Simonton.

THE FIRST OFFERING.

A member of one of our auxiliaries, in Pittsburg, Pa., sends us the following touching account of the first sum which found its way into their treasury:

The first money that was received by our Treasurer passed

through my hands, and was attended by such peculiar circumstances that I feel I ought to give you the particulars; it may be the means of moving other hearts. The donation was $5.00, and was handed to my son by Mrs. ——, the wife of a minister, in the name of her twin boy, who had died a few months previously. In reply to my letter of acknowledgment and thanks, I received a very sad and melting one from her, from which I give you an extract:

"Our sweet boys came to claim our care and affection in January, 1869, and were a source of twofold interest and twofold joy until that chill, drifting, wintry morning, December 21st, 1871, when the fatal disease, membranous croup, did its rapid work. Almost before we could realize it, our darling was borne from our home to that beautiful land of rest where chilling blasts and wintry winds are never known. He was the Georgie Cuyler of our household and congregation.

"One of the first gifts in money he received, and that when a tender infant, was $5.00 from his grandpa. It had never been appropriated. It was not ours when he was gone, and therefore in his name we devoted it to the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society."

The first offering to our treasury, not from a society, band, or circle—not even from a woman—but from a tender lamb who was already encircled in the Saviour's loving arms.

CHANGE IN THE RECORDING SECRETARYSHIP.

It is with deep regret that the Society has been compelled to accept the resignation of the Recording Secretaryship by Mrs. H. D. Gregory, on account of change of residence. Mrs. Gregory was one of the founders of the Society, and has ever since been one of its most earnest officers. We know that her heart is with us still, and that her labors and prayers for our blessed work are only transferred to another place.

We are happy to announce as her successor, and welcome to the office, Mrs. Julia M. Fishburn, a lady eminently qualified for the position.

WATCHERS.

BY MISS HATTIE NOYES, OF CANTON, CHINA.

More than they that watch for the morning.—Ps. 130 : 6.

As watchers that wait for the morning,
And watch for the coming light,
Anxiously keeping their vigil
Through the long dark hours of night;

So we've longed for our Saviour's coming,
Through a weary night of years,
And watched for the dawn of the morning,
Till our eyes are dim with tears.

Still the clouds hang dark o'er the mountains,
Thick clouds of error and sin,
And closed are the gates of the city,
Lest Jesus should enter in.

We listen in vain for his footsteps,
As the months and years go by;
Oh, when will the King in his glory
Come to lands that in darkness lie?

So long have the people been fettered
By the sin-chains not yet riven,
They care not for love that would free them,
For the gift that God has given.

They turn a deaf ear to our warnings,
Our message they will not hear;
Oh! watcher on Zion's hilltops,
Say, is not the morning near?

For the sleep of ages *must* pass,
The shadows will roll away,
And China's millions sometime rejoice
In the light of the Gospel day.

And if still we must *wait* for its dawning,
This promise our hearts shall keep,—
That they who in tears have been sowing,
With joy shall the harvest reap.

OUR MISSIONARIES.

We give our readers a complete list of the missionaries connected with the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society, with the names of auxiliaries by whom they are supported.

CHINA.

Canton Mission.

Miss Hattie Noyes; First Church, Philadelphia.
Miss Hannah J. Shaw; South Park Church, Newark, N. J.
Miss Lillie Happer; Third Church, Newark, N. J.

Ningpo Mission.

Mrs. John W. Farnham, Shanghai; Fort Wayne Church, Ind.

Shantung Mission.

Mrs. E. P. Capp, Tungchow; First Church, Orange, N. J.
Mrs. J. L. Nevius, Chefoo; West Spruce Street Church, Phila.
Mrs. L. W. Eckard; on General Fund of the Society.

INDIA.

Lodiana Mission.

Mrs. C. B. Newton, Lahore; Brown Memorial Ch., Baltimore.
Mrs. C. W. Forman, Lahore; on General Fund of Society.
Miss Thiedi, Lahore; partly supported by Churches in Baltimore.
Mrs. M. L. Janvier, Sabathu; Calvary Church, Philadelphia.
Miss Margaret A. Craig, Dehra; Norristown Church, Pa.

Furrukhabad Mission.

Mrs. B. D. Wyckoff, Futtegurh; Church in Titusville, Pa.
Mrs. Thomas Tracy, Futtegurh; Central Church, Pittsburg, Pa.
Mrs. S. H. Kellogg, Furrukhabad; Church in Plainfield, N. J.
Mrs. J. M. Alexander, Mynpurie; First Church, Pittsburg, Pa.
Miss Belz, Etawah; Oxford Church, Philadelphia.
Mrs. J. J. Walsh, Allahabad; West Arch Street Church, Phila.
Miss Lizzie Walsh, Allahabad; Arch Street Church, Philadelphia.

Kolapoor Mission.

Mrs. R. G. Wilder, Kolapoor; First Church, Bridgeton, N. J.

PERSIA.

Mrs. T. L. Van Orden; North Tenth Street Church, Philadelphia.
Mrs. W. L. Whipple; Princeton Church, West Philadelphia.
Mrs. J. M. Oldfather; First Church, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

SYRIA.

Miss Ellen Jackson, Beirut; West Walnut Street Church, Phila.
Mrs. F. A. Wood, Sidon; West Chester Church, Pa.

AFRICA.

Mrs. C. De Heer; Presbyterian Church, Towanda, Pa.
Miss I. A. Nassau; Woodland Church, West Philadelphia.
Mrs. S. Reutlinger; Presbyterian Church, Wooster, Ohio.
Miss Lydia Jones; Pine Street Church, Philadelphia.

AMERICAN INDIANS.

In the Chippewa Reservation, at Odanah, on Lake Superior, we have:
Miss H. N. Phillips, Spring Garden Church, Philadelphia.
Miss Mary Tarbell; on Society's General Fund.

SOUTH AMERICA.

At Brotas, in Brazil, we have Miss Mary P. Dascomb upon our General Fund.

Besides these thirty-two ladies now in the foreign field, or on their way thither, we have Miss Phila A. Brink, M.D., who sailed in the Batavia on the 13th of July, to spend a few months in European hospitals, preparatory to going to some station in India, not yet designated. Also, Miss Mary Bunnell, of Xenia, Ohio, whom we have recently elected as a missionary of our Society. She expects to go to India this fall, with Mr. and Mrs. Kellogg and Mrs. Wyckoff. We have also three young ladies educating for missionary life, one of whom is preparing for service as a medical missionary.

A MISAPPREHENSION.

The idea has been found to exist in the minds of some persons interested in the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society, that, strictly, *zenana* work is not included in the objects for which it was formed. This is entirely a mistake, as a careful perusal of the organ of the Society, *Woman's Work for Woman*, will show. We do not *limit* our labors to the zenana, but we extend them so as to include women and children of whatever rank or station in heathen lands. Wherever a door is opened to us, we enter those dark homes, and try to illumine them with the glorious light of the gospel of Jesus.

In our next issue we will explain more fully the nature of the work we are endeavoring to do in heathen lands.

NEW AUXILIARIES AND BANDS.

AUXILIARIES.

Marietta, O., Fourth Street Church.
Cleveland, O., Presbytery and City.
Deckertown, N. J.
Hackettstown, N. J.
Franklin, Pa.
Mount Pleasant, Pa.
Dansville, N. Y.
Oil City, Pa., Young Ladies' Miss Soc.
Monongahela City, Pa.
Cleveland, O., Rev. Dr. Eells' Church.
Pleasant Unity, Pa.
Mansfield, Ohio.

BANDS.

Band of St. Peter's Church, Rochester, N. Y.
Emily Gordon Band, Shickshinny, Pa.
Pearl Seekers, Carlisle, Pa.
Cheerful Workers, Hollidaysburg, Pa.
Orient Band, West Alexander, Pa.
Bright Stars, Franklin, O.
Mission Band ("Little Girls' Soc."), Lexington, Ky.
Mountain Rill Band, Johnstown, Pa.

NEW LIFE MEMBERS.

Mrs. M. A. Rice,
Mrs. A. A. Hodge,
Mrs. M. E. Throckmorton,
Mrs. H. F. Moore,
Miss Augusta Buchanan,
Miss Elizabeth Black,
Miss Hannah H. Weaver,
Miss Eliza A. Darlington,
Mrs. William Addy,
Mrs. Sarah C. Dawes,
Rev. Alexander Sinclair,
Mrs. Samuel T. Neill,
Mrs. William T. Neill,
Mrs. Emma J. Huntting,
Mrs. Sarah Ewing,
Mrs. James Blayney,
Miss Hannah E. Clarke.

Receipts of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society of the Presbyterian Church from June 8th, 1872.

J. E. Gould, Esq.,	$10 00
South Ch., Phila., "Cheerful Givers,"	25 00
Marksboro' Ch., N. J., Aux. Soc.,	22 00
Bethany Ch., Phila., "Infant School,"	60 00
First Ch., Northern Liberties, "Little Gleaners,"	33 00
Brown Memorial Ch., Baltimore, Aux. Soc.,	100 00
First Ch., Chester, Pa., Aux. Soc.,	25 00
North Ch., Alleghany, Pa., Aux. Soc.,	25 00
St. Peter's Ch., Rochester, N. Y., Miss Clara F. Rumsey,	8 00
First Ch., Newark, N. J., Stearns Memorial Miss. Band, $45; Young Ladies' Miss. Band, $45,	90 00
Woodland Ch., Phila., Coral Workers, $40; Sabbath-school, $41.35; Mission-school, $17.42,	98 77
West Chester Ch., Pa., "Miss. Band Willing Hearts," *gold*,	40 00
"C. S.," towards redeeming pledge of $50,000,	10 00
First Ch., Washington, Pa., Aux. Soc., $50; Persian Band, $28; Cornes Band, $30,	108 00
West Chester Ch., Pa., Miss. Band Willing Hands, $22 80; Miss. Band Willing Hands, $30; Miss. Band Willing Hearts, $30,	82 80

Fourth Ch., Trenton, N. J., Aux. Soc.,	$85 35
Old Pine St. Ch., Phila., Workers for Jesus,	25 00
First Ch., Wooster, Ohio, Aux. Soc.,	62 50
First and Second Chs., Logansport, Ind., Aux. Soc.,	64 45
Second Ch., Carlisle, Pa., S. S. Miss. Band,	20 00
First Ch., Franklin, Pa , Aux. Soc.,	50 00
Second Ch., Orange, N. J., Aux. Soc.,	110 00
Miss Annie C. Kerr, Newcastle, Del.,	5 00
Mrs. Rodgers Birnie, Taneytown, Md.,	1 00
Mrs. W. S. Alexander, Brooklyn, N. Y.,	2 00
Mrs. M. A. Ely, Cedar Rapids, Iowa,	10 00
Westminster Ch., Elizabeth N. J., by Mr. F. E. H. Haines,	8 34
Woodland Ch , Phila., by ——,	6 66
Fourth Ch., Syracuse, N. Y., Aux Soc.,	39 50
First Ch., Poughkeepsie, N. Y., Aux Soc.,	41 50
Burlington Ch., N. J., Aux. Soc.,	39 55
Miss Polly Talmage, Greenville, N. Y.,	2 00
Bellefonte Ch., Pa., Aux. Soc.,	26 71
Mrs. P. R. Reilly, Bridgehampton, Long Island,	1 00
Miss Fanny C. Beach, Bloomfield, N. J., for tracts,	2 00
Mrs. E. H. Mitchell, Mt. Pleasant, Ohio, for tracts,	60
Ladies' For. Miss Association, Elizabeth, N. J.,	118 63
Princeton Ch., Phila., Aux. Soc., $37; Helping Hands Miss. Band, $23,	60 00
A Friend, Chester Co., Pa.,	5 00
South St. Ch., Morristown, N. J., Randolph Band,	20 00
Nebraska City Ch., "Mary Gregory Miss. Band,"	7 00
Mrs. Emma J. Huntting, Southampton, Long Island,	25 00
Second Ch , Lexington, Ky., Little Girls' For. Miss. Soc.,	27 25
First Ch., Titusville, Pa., Aux. Soc.,	75 00
First Ch., Independence, Iowa, Morning Star Miss. Band,	12 00
Sixth Ch., Pittsburg, Pa., Aux. Soc.,	30 00
First Ch., Columbia, Pa., Aux. Soc.,	25 00
Lawrenceville Ch., Pittsburg, Rev. R. Lee,	25 00
Central Ch , Pittsburg, Aux. Soc.,	100 00
Fourth St. Ch., Marietta, Ohio, Aux. Soc.,	50 00
Mrs. E. M. Stokes, Russellville, Ky.,	7 00
West Alexander Ch., Pa., Aux. Soc.,	55 00
Johnstown Ch., Pa., Aux. Soc.,	11 00
Mrs. H. S. Jones, Pendleton, N. Y.,	15 00
Female College, Oxford, Ohio, Soc. of Inquiry,	31 00
York Ch., Pa., Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Small, *gold*,	60 00
Plainfield Ch., N. J., Aux. Soc.,	50 00
Cooperstown Ch., N. Y., Fem. Miss. Soc.,	160 00
Mrs. Bessie Shaver, Cedar Rapids, Iowa,	50
Ladies' For. Miss. Assoc., Elizabeth, N. J.,	100 00
Mrs. Sarah Thompson, Monroe, N. Y., for Woodstock,	5 00
	$2415 11

One valuable box for Miss Dean, Oroomiah, Persia.*

MRS. J. D. MCCORD, *Treasurer.*

PHILADELPHIA, August 7th, 1872.

* To be noticed hereafter.

W. P. B. M.

Northwestern Department.

EDITED BY

THE SECRETARIES OF THE WOMAN'S PRESBYTERIAN BOARD OF MISSIONS OF THE NORTHWEST.

CHINA.

CHEFOO, March 25, 1872.

MY DEAR MRS. N.:

YOUR letter of December 4th, a few days ago gave me much pleasure. Just now I am feeling somewhat discouraged in my work for the women and girls of China; but the thought that we have the sympathy and prayers of *home* Christians is especially cheering.

Our school closed just before the Chinese New Year, with a public examination that was very satisfactory. Three of the older girls were not to return, but I thought we should have no difficulty in filling their places. We had four weeks' vacation and our school came together again; but before many days three of the most promising girls were taken away by their heathen parents, and placards were posted up saying abusive things of the school. The story is too long to weary you with now, so I will only say that the youngest of the girls taken from us is the one I would gladly have *given to you to be your child.* She is bright and pretty, and her feet have not been bound. Possibly we may get her back; but if not I will find another child for you. I have

taken a girl about nine years old within a few days, who learns well, and would be an interesting-looking child but for the loss of one eye.

There are now but nine girls in the school. I inclose a picture of the school so your Mission Band can see the girls, and thus form a better idea of them than from any description I could give. If I do not find a suitable child for you, I will very soon select one from those already in the school.

FANCY PICTURES.

I inclose some fancy pictures cut out of paper by our little girls. This is their way of making pictures. In their own homes they have paper windows, and their pictures are pasted on the paper and look quite pretty.

I wrote of being discouraged, but I trust this little trouble in the school will pass away quickly. I have had real satisfaction in my girls as a general thing. Some of them have developed into agreeable, useful, Christian women. One who was married about a year ago, has just become a happy mother. She is as proud and happy as though her child were a *boy*. She gave me the privilege of naming the little girl, and I call her "Ai'-ne," which means love and patience. I could get any number of little girls for you, but I suppose you would prefer one at least ten years old. This little "Ai'-ne" and a half dozen others are promised to me as soon as old enough to go to school.

GIRLS GROWING UP IN SIN.

In my visits from house to house I see many girls growing up in sin and ignorance whom I long to get, but their heathen relatives "would rather they would starve" than let them come to us. Many times they reject our offers to train up their girls in our school, and sell them for slaves or for worse than slaves. Poor ignorant people! they will not believe we will keep our word with them, but think we want their girls "to take to foreign countries, or to *make medicine* of them." And yet three of the older girls are married, and three

more have gone to their mothers to remain until they are married. . . .

You write that your churches are made up of a few strong Christians, and many erring half-awake ones. So I fancy your work and ours after all, is not very unlike, only there is, perhaps, more excuse for the *erring* ones here than in Christian lands.

You, by encouraging and strengthening us who are toiling on heathen ground, and enlisting the co-operation and sympathies and prayers of others, may be doing as much really missionary work as some of us are. It is *God's* work, and he knows whom to use to carry it on, and when and where the work shall be done he only can determine.

May your prayers for your Chinese child be answered in sending just the right child to me for you; one whose own soul may be saved, and who may be useful in bringing many of her own people to the knowledge of the only Saviour of sinners.

Very sincerely yours,

Miss C. B. Downing.

INDIA.

A GOD-SPEED TO OUR WORK.

Kolapoor, Dec., 1871.

My dear Mrs. B.:

Mrs. Wilder desires me to acknowledge your most kind and welcome letter of 11th Sept., 1871, and to mention her purpose to write to you when she gets back to her work and school in Kolapoor. She has been a few months in our mountain home, some one hundred miles north, hoping by a timely change from the hot air of the plains to keep up the health of our little children so as to be able to keep them longer in this country.

We are rejoiced to see the increased and increasing interest

of the dear ladies at home in this mission work. You are right in forming a Presbyterian Board at Chicago. It is just as needful to have our various regiments distinct, each with its own banners, music, chosen weapons, and officers in our great Christian army, as in a military army, and it argues no more discord or disunion in the one army than in the other. Let our various Christian churches and denominations recognize this fact, cease condemning each other, and provoke one another to good works. We shall be most happy to educate one of our little Hindoo girls with the funds sent from Three Rivers, Mich. Then we will share in their prayers and yours for her, and for our general work. . .

R. G. WILDER.

PERSIA.

EXTRACTS FROM MRS. COAN'S LETTER.

The real cause of all the wretchedness lies in the fact, that there is so little to do to earn a living, and, perhaps, the *prime* cause is the ignorant priesthood and the government, dead to everything except extortion. I don't think it possible for people at home to understand that here are no manufactories of any description, no forests, no mines of gold, silver, copper, iron, coal; no railroads to furnish employment, no turnpikes, no printing presses, no canals, no shipping, no wagons, no public vehicles of any kind, no public charities, or private either, no poorhouses, no orphan asylums, or asylums of any kind, no hospitals; but all the widows and orphans, and the old, the blind, and lame, and dumb, and insane, are turned into the streets. Then think of the religion and government of this country. Think of the degradation of poor women. A woman! What is she but a slave from childhood? Think of her when married, a slave to her husband and her bigoted, ignorant, superstitious mother-in-law. Even the girls who go out from our seminary, what can they do who cannot stir out alone or speak a loud word for years? You who have lived here know more than I can tell you. . . . .

LETTER FROM MISS DEAN.

Oroomiah, February 1st, 1872.

Dear Mission Circle at Ypsilanti:

The letter written by your Secretary, and which came with the box, I have just read with very great pleasure. I must first assure you that the blocks are very acceptable. The girls are already sewing them, and they are much interested in knowing that they were prepared for them by hands so far away. It is also a great relief to me, for I find it almost impossible to find time to prepare sewing work for them. I also think them very pretty. Now dear friends, if I only knew what you would like to know, I would be so glad to tell you just *that*. Everything seemed so very strange to me at first; I fully understood that I had come to the Old World, but now I am becoming quite at home with sitting on the floor in native houses, eating with my fingers, travelling on horseback, and carrying our own beds with us in some large saddlebags whenever we go to spend the night, sitting on the floor in church (which to me is very tiresome), seeing mud walls and narrow streets, &c., &c.

FILTH OF THE PEOPLE.

If I should spend a week in describing them, you would still think them much cleaner and nicer than they really are. The filth of the people is one of our greatest trials. . . . . I often think how much I would enjoy walking down town alone, for we cannot go into any part of the city here without a man with us; we never go out shopping. Once I rode through the Bazar on my horse and my face veiled. I presume you have all heard that our houses are built of mud, even the floors and roofs. We sometimes have trouble with our roofs about leaking when it rains, yet if we are careful to have the snow shovelled off as soon as it comes, and when it rains see that no water remains in depressions or corners, we have no farther trouble.

THE HIGH WALLS.

We also have high thick walls, completely surrounding our yards, so I never see any pleasant gardens as I pass through the streets, and if there is a pleasant house it is hid by this high wall. I sometimes try to tell our school-girls of the pleasant houses and gardens I used to pass in going to and from school, but they cannot understand about our low fences, which allow us to see and enjoy almost as much as the owners themselves, for they have nothing of the kind. We have Sabbath-schools in very many villages, yet it is difficult to find teachers, as there are so few readers. They have no Sabbath-school books, no papers, and with difficulty get even a spelling-book, which here costs two cents. But we do not wish to give them anything which they can buy for themselves. . . . We sing here, but I scarcely recognize the tune sometimes. I cannot write more now, but hope to hear from and write you often.

Yours, very truly,

JENNIE DEAN.

LETTER FROM MISS JEWETT.

OROOMIAH, PERSIA, December 27th, 1871.

DEAR COUSINS E. AND C.:

I wish you a Merry Christmas, although it is past, and when you get this letter you will almost have forgotten all about it. We had a very pleasant time here. I was up early in the morning, and wished every one a Merry Christmas. We had chicken-pie and plum-pudding for dinner. In the evening all the families gathered in one room which Mr. Stocking had trimmed very prettily, and had refreshments. Then the children repeated "The Old, Old Story," and after singing and prayer we had some charades, tableaux, shadow pantomimes, and old Santa Claus came ringing his bell and bringing presents for us all. I received two pretty little mats, a nice glove box, a piece of earth from Mecca, which the Mohammedans think is sacred and worship, a funny picture,

a beautiful motto, "God is Love," a hair-pin holder, and a beautiful book, "Gleanings from the Poets," also a very pretty necktie and a *pickle*. I dreamed about you, too, last night. I thought I was at your house, and I was going home, but did not know where father lived. I thank you both very much for those dear little letters you gave me to read on the way. Yes, my sweet little Carrie, I am glad that you were in my Sabbath-school class, because I learned to love you so much.

DRESS OF THE NESTORIANS.

Emma wanted to know about how the people dress here. The Nestorian women wear tumbonie like a full gathered skirt on each limb, coming down to the ankle; above this a short skirt sewed to a plain waist, which is cut out *very* low in front, and under this upper skirt (culaja) is a red shirt (sudra). Their long black hair combed smoothly down to their low foreheads, and hanging in many small braids to the waist; on the head a queer little round cap and a handkerchief, generally red, or some bright color, sometimes neatly pinned, more often twisted across the lower part of the face, so that the mouth is covered. The men wear pants, and coat with a plain waist and gathered skirt. If they can afford it, the men wear broadcloth and the women silk, but more often calico, and sometimes of the coarsest kind, and oh, so many of them are dressed in rags, with almost nothing to cover their bodies, and now it is quite cold here, and many poor wretched beings are dying around us of cold and starvation.

SUFFERING FROM THE FAMINE.

Mondays and Fridays they gather here, many of the poverty-stricken ones, and receive bread from the mission. Oh, dear little girls, it would make your hearts ache if you should see them. The missions are doing all they can to alleviate their sufferings, but it seems like a very little compared to the great amount that is to be done. . . . . We

have a great variety of fine fruits here, grapes, pears, quinces, nectarines, peaches, apricots, and melons. Nuts and raisins are very abundant. . . . . The famine this year has made a great many people so poor that they could not get anything. There was no rain of any consequence, so that the crops failed, and with such a miserable government no provision is made to meet the wants of the suffering. Some good people in England and America have sent some money to the missionaries, which is being used for these wretched poor people. . . . .

Jan. 2d, 1872. A Happy New Year to you, my little friends. . . . . How I do long to hear from you all. We have not had any letters for five weeks. . . . .

Your affectionate cousin,

MARY JEWETT.

TURKEY.

DEAR MRS. F.: You and your "Busy Gleaners" have not been forgotten by us, nor have you forgotten your work among the daughters of Armenia. We have had much sickness in our circle during the past autumn, and this with our many labors has hindered our letter-writing till the accumulation looks rather formidable. I will not stop to build excuses, but come immediately to my work. The photographs, so sweet and pretty, reached us in October; you will wonder why not sooner; we live far away in the interior of Asia Minor, and when anything reaches Constantinople, it takes six weeks or more to reach us. Then a small package must wait for a box to come, which usually happens four or five times a year. If so small a package comes alone, it would probably be lost. It came in good order, and I wish you could have seen how radiant Juhar's face was when told about the picture, and that it was sent to her. She hung it up in the school-room till after the close of the school, and then took it to her home in Mezareh, where doubtless it is much admired by her friends.

THE BIBLE-WOMAN, ANNA.

Your Bible-woman, Anna, has not been in the work for the past ten months. God has given her the sad task of watching over her sick daughter. Sultin has been a very great sufferer, and no one thought she could live so long. Anna has watched over her night and day, until she herself is nearly worn out. She loved her Bible work, but feels that her heavenly Father has given her the sorrowful work of caring for her suffering child. The daughter is a happy Christian, and longs to depart and be with Jesus. She seems ready for heaven, and in her moments of agony we ask, "Why does not the summons come?" Jesus is no doubt fitting her for one of his "bright jewels," and her mother for still greater usefulness. I was glad to send the picture, for I knew it would touch a tender spot in her bleeding heart, and be to it a sweet, soft balm. Then, too, it would so rejoice the daughter to think you had sent this from loving hearts to her dear mother, who so longed to be going from house to house to tell the people about Jesus, and teach them to read the precious words he had left as a legacy to this poor sinful world.

PICTURES DOING GOOD.

The picture hangs in their neat, clean room, just where Sultin can gaze upon it from her sick-couch, and thus you are all, in a measure, "ministering angels" to the dear sick girl. How often she has prayed for you, and thought of your labors of love! These photographs will not only fill the hearts of the receivers with joy, but will help to elevate the whole neighborhood. They will be living epistles, telling of those far away, another nation even, who, moved by Jesus' love, labor and give their money to carry the same blessed light to strangers. Some, looking at your neat dresses, will imitate you. Then, too, the black wall looks all the blacker beside these nice pictures, and whitewash will find its way to these walls, and perhaps many a black wall,

covered with smoke and dirt, will reflect the light coming indirectly from your gifts. Please accept my warm thanks, too, for my beautiful case. To use an Armenian idea, "It came very sweet to me that you should remember *me*." The gift is all the more pleasant from the fact that it is associated with your gatherings, and is the work of your hands, precious gleaners. May its place be many times filled by some rich Boaz, who will deal as bountifully with you as he did with the lovely Ruth.

AMY.

Now I must tell you what we did with the money that we could not give to Anna when she was taken from the work. We are very careful how we use this "consecrated money." Anna has given a room in her house, and we have sent Amy, a member of our school (female seminary), to teach a girls' school there, which we call the Gleaners' School. Miss Seymour visited it a few days ago, and was very much pleased with Amy's manner of teaching and discipline. The mothers told her that the children never improved so fast before, and that the school was very orderly. Will you wish to know something more about Amy? She is a Koord, and learned to read in an Armenian family. When she heard of the seminary she begged earnestly to come, but she had nothing to wear, and no one to help her. About this time two of the missionaries were in the region where she lived, and her case was pointed out to them; the Protestants of the place said it would be dangerous to receive her at the school, as her tribe were Mohammedan, and had threatened to kill any one who should take her to Harpoot. Mr. Wheeler said, "If you will deliver her at my house, *I* will protect her." We thought this the end of the matter, when one morning the cry was made, "That Koordish girl is in the yard!" A man who had lived many years among the Koords took her and quietly came off with her, and our girls were greatly rejoiced. They seemed to think that they too had a real heathen to work for. She was soon bathed, her hair combed, and change of

garments loaned her till she could have some made. She is fed and clothed by a society in Fall River, and has learned so much in two years that she can teach a girls' school. We do not let her go out alone, for fear of the Turks, who would claim her. We hope God will open the way for her to work for her own people when she finishes her course. She is yours to pray for now, and I am sure you would think the money well spent on that school if you were on the ground.

ANOTHER JUHAR.

But this does not use up all the money. So I have also given you another Juhar. I think I told you that Juhar and Kohar both mean jewel. Now this Juhar is a real diamond of the first water; she is one of our old students; she is one whom to know is to love, and we felt she could do a good work in the part of the city where she lives. She now goes from house to house, and is giving lessons in the Scriptures to quite a number of women. We do not think it sufficient that she visit and pray with these families, but try to persuade them to read, and to help those who cannot yet understand what they read. She is expected to labor most among new families who have not yet received the truth, but willing to read and listen to religious instruction. We try to help those who, when they see the light, will come to it. Then we try to impress upon each his or her personal responsibility. We promise not a bed of roses, or a path that will always be pleasant. We try to show them what Christ meant when he said, "If any man will come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross *daily*, and follow me." Some come for the "loaves and the fishes," but soon leave us and go their own way. I hope you and the dear gleaners will make "much prayer" for this, your second Juhar, whom we give you till Anna can resume her work.

"ALL the ends of the world shall remember and turn unto the Lord."

Home Work.

The summer heat has not caused an entire suspension of our work. We have found a

NEW MISSIONARY.

Some weeks ago, a letter was received from

MISS MARY E. PRATT,

of Waterloo, Iowa, expressing a strong desire to enter into foreign missionary work. Her own words will show her spirit.

. . . "This is no momentary impulse; but a hope of early life—a hope which has strengthened with my years, until I find myself praying that God will make me *submissive*, should he refuse to open to me this way. . . . Do the best I could, my twenty-eighth birthday came round before I could finish my studies, and of course before I could offer myself for this work; but at last success crowned my efforts, and I was enabled to graduate with the class of '69, from the Ohio Wesleyan Female College. The intervals of study during all these years having been filled in with practical work; teaching much of the time in the schools of this city. It is possible I may have lost something of my vitality, but trust that some lessons of patience and self-denial may have been learned, which may compensate, in part at least, for any such loss. . . . Now, since God has given me strength and courage thus far to succeed in my efforts to secure an education; if He also deems me worthy of such a responsible trust, and chooses to accept the remainder of my life for missionary work, I shall rejoice indeed."

A letter from her pastor, dated July 6th, 1872, reads:

"I have just received from Dr. Irving a letter, announcing the appointment of Miss Pratt to one of our missions in

NORTH INDIA.

"The ladies, members of my church, and congregation, meet to morrow to form an *auxiliary*. They will take up with spirit the duty of making Miss Pratt's outfit. I am working up, as fast as possible, the matter of forming auxiliaries in the churches within the bounds of the Presbytery of Waterloo. This will be necessary, if we meet the pledge made to Dr. Irving to support *our missionary*."

"Send every cent laden with prayer, and I am sure that your money will do good, and the Lord of the harvest will give you the hundred-fold." TURKEY.

NEW AUXILIARIES.

New Albany, Indiana.

Mrs. Charles H. Conner, Sec.

Ladies' Missionary Society, First Presbyterian Church, Nebraska City, Nebraska.

Mrs. J. D. Kerr, Sec.

FORT STREET PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, DETROIT.

FROM THE GALLERY.

While the General Assembly sits in session, in the body of the church, we women gather in the gallery, and look down upon the assembled delegates. There they are! The dear, honored servants of our God, who have so long borne the burdens of the Church and sought its peace and purity.

We look upon the faces of the men whose names have long been household words, but whom we have never seen before. The sight does our hearts good. There we sit, day after day. We listen to the discussions on the different questions, and enjoy the decisions of them by the votes. We feel that this is, indeed, a very great privilege that we here enjoy. Can anything deepen this consciousness within us? Yes, a *dark contrast* does it. We go to the missionary meeting at Westminster Church, on Thursday morning. We hear addresses, not only from the Foreign Missionary Secretaries, but from five returned missionaries. The reports of these last, concerning the condition of women in heathen lands, affects us deeply. *They are shut out from the sanctuary.*

We have known this for years, but it comes like a new truth. We are told much more, but this one idea fills our minds. What hath made us to differ? Why are we permitted access to God's house? How comes it that we can share with father, husband, and brother, to the fullest extent, in every spiritual and intellectual blessing?

Ah! *the gospel*, the gospel has come to us. It has lifted us up. It has opened for us the doors of the house of the Lord. It has changed all the experience of life for us. The word of God has entered into our souls; it has enlightened our minds, and given to us an understanding of the things. Are we thankful? O, then, *by how much* we are so, *by so much* let us give ourselves with new ardor to the work of sending this blessed gospel, which has done so much for us, to those of our own sex who sit in darkness, and ignorance, and moral death.

L. A. M.

Mind is mightiest *then*,
When turning evil into good,
And monsters into men.

Our Little Workers.

GIRLS' BOARDING SCHOOL AT DEHRA.

HERE you have a picture of some of the girls who attend the girls' school in Dehra, India. The two who are standing in front of the pillars have been scholars but are now teachers in the school. Some of you may be helping to pay to have these dear Hindoo girls taught. Do you know where Dehra is? You will probably not find it on your school map of Hindostan, but perhaps you can tell where it ought to have been marked. Trace the river Ganges up to its source, and not far from that spot, right under the old Himalaya Mountains, is Dehra. It is in one of the most beautiful valleys in the world, and the school building is new and large and pleasant, so that these girls are favored in having so fine a place in which to live and learn. They are having now what they call their "rainy season," which lasts about two months, ending usually in the middle of September. It rains more or less every day during this time, and the weather is very hot, but after the rains are over they have clear weather with scarcely a shower for months, and the winter is cool and pleasant. They study about the same lessons that you do, then they have their Bible lessons, and learn to sing our sweet Sunday-school hymns in their own language and sometimes in English. They have very sweet voices and love dearly to sing. Besides this they learn to sew and to do all kinds of housework, for their mothers do not know enough of these things to teach them at home.

One of the dear ladies who has taught in the Dehra school writes about what happened there one day. I know you will be very much interested in dear little Katrina who learned there to love her Saviour, and has now gone to be with him forever.

KATRINA'S CONFESSION.

BY MISS SARAH MORRISON.

We were seated in the large school-room listening to the reports of the monitors and heads of the different circles with regard to the household work performed by the girls. One of the monitors rose in her seat and read from her slate the names of several girls who had that morning talked and laughed and sung gay songs during the *silent half hour*. This is a time when every girl is expected to be alone with God, frankly and solemnly opening her heart before him, and getting from him the daily help and strength so necessary to us weak, helpless sinners.

Miss Thompson, who was teaching there at that time, called the guilty ones up to her desk and tried to explain to them and to the whole school how very serious their fault was. They had mocked their loving Father, God, bending down to hear their prayer; had driven away the Holy Spirit who had tried to lead them to pray, and had inexpressibly pained the tender heart of Jesus while he was waiting at their side to present their prayers acceptably to God. Then she punished each guilty child. After they had all returned sobbing to their seats, Katrina—our timid, retiring little Katrina—rose and said, "Miss Thompson, Sister Sophie did not give in my name, but I was one too."

This was a most surprising announcement to us all, for Katrina was one of the good children, and always knew her lessons, never was reported for any misconduct, and was loved by every one. For a few moments Miss Thompson was quite overcome, but when she could command her trembling voice she said, "Katrina has bravely confessed a fault that no one but herself and God knew she had committed, although she saw what a severe punishment she might expect. Now, girls, I'll leave it to you to decide whether she shall be punished or not." You can imagine the unanimous "No" with which she was answered.

Can you guess, dear children, the secret of Katrina's cour-

age? Dear little girl, it must have cost her a great effort, and she could not have done it unaided. I am sure a certain book which your pennies have helped to send to India must have taught her to lay hold of the right source of strength, and I am sure those pennies must have been accompanied by earnest prayers, or the Book they bought would not have been so greatly blessed. Dear Katrina has gone to another school now where she will never have to struggle against self and Satan. She has gone to be taught by Jesus himself.

LETTER FROM MRS. WHERRY.

LODIANA, NORTH INDIA

MY DEAR FRIENDS IN THE WAYNESBURG SABBATH-SCHOOL:

I sit down to-day to write and thank you all for the $50, which you have so kindly sent us through Mr. Morton. It made us feel very happy when we heard that our little Sabbath-school friends had given their money for our work among the heathen in this land, which is so far off from them.

NUNDOO.

I know you will never regret having sent it, when I tell you what $25 has already begun to do. As soon as I heard what you had done, I called a native Christian woman, who is a very good scholar, and told her I would give her two dollars a month if she would teach in a zenana for me. She was much pleased, and accepted the offer at once. She was very glad to hear that *my* little friends had raised the money, which I told her was to support her. Her name is Nundoo.

A zenana is a ladies' apartment, from which the women never go out into the streets or into the presence of strange men without being closely veiled. They think it very bad if a man sees them. Nundoo has been teaching at such a house. The mother and four daughters live together. The young women were all learning to read in Farsee (*i. e.*, Persian). One is married, and because her husband is daily expected

home, they informed Nundoo that they would not study any more till he went away again. We are very sorry for this, as he is to remain with them for about two months, and they will get behind with their lessons. But Nundoo is not idle. Now she goes regularly every day to a Hindoo ladies' house to teach her to read. The lady is getting on very nicely, and I hope will soon learn to read.

Gradually she may be invited to teach others, and long before your money is all spent, I hope many more may be learning to read. When they can read, of course they can read the Bible, and this is why we want to teach them. A niece of the lady is also learning to spell. She is a nice, bright little girl, about twelve years of age. You must pray for Nundoo and her pupils, for you know it is not she who can put it into their hearts to become Christians, but the Holy Spirit alone.

CATHARINE LOUISA.

Now I must tell you what I am doing with the other twenty-five dollars. I am sure you will be pleased. It is clothing and educating a dear little girl. Her name is Catharine Louisa. Her parents are very good people, but very poor. They are Christians and live in Ambala. Louisa's mother is Bible-woman there, but having a large family she finds it difficult to support all. Louisa is seven years of age, and now attends a school here just a few steps from our home. I see her often, and can write to you about her. When she is able to write to you she will do so, if you will try again this summer to raise money for her support next year, which I hope you will do. She told her teacher, Miss Andrews, a few days ago, that she was sure God had given her a new heart. Miss Andrews's school is to fit these girls to become teachers to their heathen sisters, so if Louisa lives we hope she will be very useful after awhile. Would you not like to pledge yourselves for her support while she is at school? She will probably remain here for nine years. I'm sure she will if spared, for it is one of Miss Andrews's rules that a pupil must remain until she is at least sixteen years of age.

How nice it would be if you would form about three "Mission Bands," each pledging itself to raise $20 a year. See "Woman's Work for Woman."

This amount would about carry on the dear work you have begun, for if the zenana teacher's work increases, I will have to give her a little more pay.

I read a few days ago, about a little girl knitting a jacket for the child, "Lord Jesus," during the "siege of Strasburg." She kept it very clean, and when told she could not give it to him personally she cried very bitterly. But he loved her all the same, and he will love you just as much if you do what you can for his work, because he says, "Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye did it unto me."

Four Mehter girls, of the ages of twelve and sixteen years, come to me every morning, and are making some progress in learning to read and sew. They can repeat the Lord's Prayer and a few verses about going to school, and know something about the creation and the first sin. Now, my dear little friends, I ask you all again to pray often for us, and for the heathen children of India. Pray that you may meet in heaven, those for whom your money has been given.

With much love and kind remembrances for you all,

Believe me, very affectionately yours,

CLARA M. WHERRY.

SOMETHING FOR LITTLE HANDS TO DO.

In a number of places where our missionaries begin schools the people do not want to have their children taught. They think at first that we want to teach them something wrong. Then in India the English have some schools in which they *pay* the children to attend. In these schools the Bible is not taught. We do not want to pay the scholars to attend our schools, but have to give them rewards for attendance, good conduct, &c. The missionaries would be very glad if you would send them some inexpensive things for rewards, for instance: little bags made of pieces of ribbon you may have,

little pin-cushions or needle-books with not much work on them, cheap little dolls, little cards with a verse or picture on them, or any other little things you may think of. The girls think a great deal of bright ribbons for their hair.

THE MISSIONARY CORN.

"Now I think, Katie," Ella said,
As they their dolls were dressing,
"That our dear Band's the best one made,
And sure 'twould keep you guessing,

"To know how all the money comes
To teach our heathen Mary,
For truly never to our homes
Will come a single fairy.

"Can you not guess? Then I must tell
About the corn we planted.
Six grains to each one's portion fell,
You see 'twas what we wanted.

"Each planted hers where falls the shower
And brightest sunshine lingers,
And watched the leaflets hour by hour
Come forth like tiny fingers.

"It took so long for them to grow,
And we in such a hurry,
But mamma said they'd upward go,
We surely need not worry.

"At last the summer days were o'er,
Our corn was ripe and golden;
We gathered it, a precious store
As e'er filled garner olden.

"We put it all together then,
And got its worth in money,
And so our mite-box filled again,
Perhaps you'll think it funny;

"But now our heathen girl can read
The sweet old Bible story,
And learn in paths of right to tread
With Jesus up to glory."

DATE DUE

[redacted]

[redacted]

JUN 15 1997

GAYLORD

PRINTED IN U.S.A.